

UC-NRLF



B 3 484 030

THE BANKS O' CREE,
AND
OTHER POEMS.



Robert S. Trotter.

GALLOWAY AUTHORS.



THE BANKS O' CREE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ISA.



NEWTON-STEWART:
PUBLISHED BY W. S. M'CREDIE,

12 VICTORIA STREET.

1882.

LOAN STACK

GLASGOW :
PRINTED BY JAMES C. ERSKINE,
140 HOPE STREET.

PR4508
C35B3

To

The Right Honourable

Blanche, Countess Dowager of Galloway,

THESE PAGES ARE GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY ONE WHO RECEIVED HER SOLE EDUCATION IN THE

INFANT AND GIRLS' SCHOOLS AT

NEWTON-STEWART,

BOTH OF WHICH WERE FOUNDED, AND FOR

NEARLY FORTY YEARS ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY HER LADYSHIP,

AND HER NOBLE AND EXCELLENT HUSBAND,

RANDOLPH, NINTH EARL OF GALLOWAY.

I. COWAN, *Authoress.*

NEWTON-STEWART, *February, 1882.*

PREFACE.

THE annals of literature afford many instances of genius and self-culture in cottages. Of these I venture to affirm that "Isa" is not the least remarkable. She is a native of Newton-Stewart; has received little education; was born, bred, and has always lived in the humbler walks of life. She has enriched her mind, however, by musing on her country's history, as well as by studying and repeating its poetic lore. I have read over the most of her Poems in MS., and I am strongly convinced that she has imbibed the true spirit of poetry; that her writings are full of pathos; and that her facility and felicity of expression are truly wonderful. Her Poems are the artless effusions of a native impulse and a rhyming ear. She is conscious that there must be many defects in her compositions, and makes no claim to literary finish. The marvel is to find these Poems as they are, considering the disadvantages under which the Authoress has laboured. Their composition has been the pastime and solace of a busy life; they have been produced, sometimes in the intervals of domestic duties, and at other times in the very acts of household work. I trust and believe that a generous public will give this volume a

favourable reception; and that Gallovidians especially will hail, with pride, the rise of a true Poetess in their midst.

J. M. I.

PENNINGHAME MANSE,
NEWTON-STEWART, *14th March, 1882.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Flowery Banks of Cree,	9
On the Death of the Earl of Galloway,	10
Welcome to Rev. J. M. Inglis,	11
To a Lady on the Anniversary of her Marriage,	13
On Reading a Story of the Scottish Covenanters,	15
On Seeing Mr. J. Welsh's Picture—"Creetown,"	18
Auld Scotia, I Love Thee!	20
Wreck of the "Janet Wignall,"	21
Lines on the Death of Mr. William Haining,	24
To My Sister,	26
On the Battle Field,	27
Acrostic—In Memoriam—James Buchannan Halliday,	29
My Scottish Heather Bell,	30
My First Attempt at Poetry—Lines on the Death of a Dear Friend,	31
Home Again,	32
Acrostic—Miss Armstrong,	33
On Seeing a Photograph of a Group,	34
To a Little Child,	35
Lines on Death of a Little Cousin,	36
On Seeing the First-born Child of Mr. A. M'M——,	37
Lines on the Death of James R——,	38
We Met and Loved Each Other,	39
My Own Dear Scottish Home,	41
On the Death of a Little Cousin,	44
Acrostic—Mr. James Cowan,	45
To J. B. H——, London,	46
On the "Vale of Cree" Lodge, (I. O. G. T.,)	48
To a Friend on the Occasion of her Marriage,	49
Memories of the Past,	50
To Mrs. M'P——, a Lady Friend,	52
Acrostic—The Reverend James Macdonald Inglis,	55
On the Death of Little Alice ——, Dundee,	56

	PAGE
Farewell to the River Cree,	57
Acrostic—Miss Mary Farnon,	58
Lines on the Funeral of Miss Ranken,	58
On Hearing an Essay Read,	60
Wee Maggie,	61
On the Death of Mary Elizabeth and John M'G——,	62
Lines on the Death of A. and I. C——,	63
Acrostic—Miss Rachel Armstrong,	64
To a Little Friend in Kilmarnock,	64
Acrostic—Miss Sarah M'Giverin,	66
On the Death of a Beloved Child,	66
Acrostic—Mr. Patrick M'Giverin,	68
To Mrs. J. S——,	68
Acrostic—In Memoriam—John Tait,	70
The Tay Bridge Disaster,	70
Acrostic—To Mr. Joseph Welsh,	72
On the Death of Mr. J. R——, Newton-Stewart,	73
Acrostic—In Memory of David M'Master,	74
Lines on the Death of Mary D——,	75
Long Ago,	76
Lines on the Death of "Wee Sarah" and Maggie M'G——,	77
From Afar,	78
On the Death of M. H. V——,	79
Lines on the Death of Mrs. M——, Creetown,	80
Acrostic—In Memoriam—Wee Sarah Coid,	82
Thoughts on a New-Year's Morning,	82
Acrostic—Mr. James Murray,	83
Minnigaff Churchyard,	84
Lines on John and James Reid,	86
Lines on the Death of E. B——,	87
The Edinburgh Review—August, 1881,	88
On the Opening of a New Mission Hall in connection with Penninghame Church, 17th May, 1882,	91
Lines on the Death of Samuel White,	93
Lines on the Death of J. C——, aged Eighteen Months,	94
Acrostic—In Memory of William Rennie,	96
Do. In Memory of Richard William Jones,	97
Do. In Memory of Henrietta and Jane Welsh,	98
On the Unveiling of the "Burns Statue" at Dumfries, April, 1882,	99

POEMS.

THE FLOWERY BANKS OF CREE.

'Tis sweet to look back on days that are past,
Though I often breathe a sigh,
As in fancy I stand by a loved one's side,
As we stood in days gone by.

'Twas then the world seemed—oh so fair!
No thoughts of care or woe,
As he whispered soft the old old tale,
In the beautiful long ago.

Ah! well I remember that happy night,
By Cree's fair flowery side,
When the silvery light of the crescent moon
Was mirrored in its tide.

Silent we stood 'mong the sweet wild flowers,
More happy than words could tell;
Dreaming sweet dreams of our new-found love,
Bound up with its magic spell.

Oh! those were the golden days of youth,
Ere the frosts of time or care
Had dimmed the lustre of our eyes,
Or the sheen of our sunny hair.

We formed new ties and found new joys,
And wandered far apart;
But the memory of those happy hours
Is graven on my heart.

Though faded and gone are those beautiful years,
With me they will ever be green;
And a sigh of regret escapes me yet
As I think on what might have been.

I know, though he roams in sunnier lands,
Far away o'er the dark blue sea,
His thoughts oft turn to that happy night
On the flowery banks of Cree.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF GALLOWAY.

[Randolph, Ninth Earl of Galloway, born 16th September, 1800; died at Galloway House, Garliestown, N.B., 2nd January, 1873. His remains were laid in the family vault in Sorby Churchyard, on the 9th January, being followed thither by a very large company of mourners, embracing every creed and class.]

There is sorrow to-day in yon stately hall,
And sounds of woe are heard;
They are mourning the loss of one beloved,
'Tis Galloway's noble lord.

He hath breathed his last in his Scottish home;
Earth's pleasures and pains are o'er;
And loved ones round him weeping stand;
They will hear his voice no more.

How often, 'neath that old grey roof,
 On holy Sabbath's calm,
 Have those sealed lips breathed forth a prayer,
 And sung the evening psalm !

With bounteous hand he oft supplied
 The widow's earthly store,
 And told her of a brighter home,
 Where partings are no more.

And now, in Zion's peaceful courts,
 Above the bright blue skies,
 He's safe at last; the storm is past—
 He hath won the blood-bought prize.

'Tis there the loved and lost will meet
 When this brief life is o'er ;
 Yes, meet and never, never part,
 But live for evermore.

Beloved in life, honoured in death ;
 His name 's a household word.
 Sleep on, sleep on, till the glorious dawn,
 Loved Galloway's noble lord.

WELCOME TO REV. J. M. INGLIS.

[Lines suggested on hearing the Rev. J. M. Inglis preach his last trial Sermon in Penninghame Church, Newton-Stewart.]

Thrice welcome, noble Inglis,
 Thrice welcome to our town ;
 Gladly we'll receive thee ;
 Thou hast won a laurel crown.

Since first we heard thy youthful voice,
So musical in tone,
In high and holy converse,
We claimed thee for our own.

Enrapt, we sat and listened
To the story of our King,
How the children's youthful voices
Made the arch of heaven ring.

No mighty sceptre swaying
When the King of kings rode by,
Only their loud hosannas,
As they waved the branches high.

How He wept o'er doomed Jerusalem,
Not because its lofty throne
And proud imperial palaces
Had all to ruin gone.

No; 'twas for the countless thousands
Of never-dying souls,
Who had turned aside from serving God,
And reached their fatal goals.

Like them in that fair city
We all have gone astray;
Wilt thou, O youthful pastor,
Lead us on the heavenly way.

May the coming change bring gladness,
As the Gospel light you spread;
May heaven's choicest blessings
Fall on thy youthful head!

May thy days be long and happy,
Fraught with wisdom from above;
May He, the Lord of Glory,
Ever shield thee with His love!

May a glorious crown await thee
When thy work on earth is o'er:
A nobler, brighter diadem
Than monarch ever wore!

Thrice welcome, noble Inglis,
Thrice welcome to our town;
Gladly we'll receive thee;
Thou hast won a laurel crown.

TO A LADY ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
HER MARRIAGE.

Soft blows the breeze from the sunny south;
Brightly the flowers do bloom;
And fragrance fills each leafy bower,—
'Tis the lovely month of June.

As far behind yon western hill
The bright orb sinks from sight,
I wander back, through vanished years,
To a well-remembered night.

That happy night, long, long ago,
And yet how short it seems,
Since I stood beside my chosen one,
The pride of my girlhood's dreams.

I gave him my hand; he had my heart
In his keeping long before;
And we listened to the sacred words
That bound us evermore.

Long years have passed away since then;
Our home is fair and bright
With olive branches blooming round,
Their young hearts free and light.

His love is the same through every change
As it was in the days of old:
The love of a true and faithful heart
Is better than wealth untold.

In the gorgeous glow of the setting sun
We are sitting side by side,
As we sat on that beautiful summer eve
When he brought me home a bride.

Yet we have felt God's chastening hand;
He took two of our flowers,
In the guileless innocence of youth,
To bloom in His fadeless bowers.

I know when we cross the silent sea,
And stand on the shining shore,
We shall meet again in that bright land
Where nought can part us more.

ON READING A STORY OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

I am thinking of thee, Scotland,
 My own beloved home,
 As I gaze upon a leaflet old
 That tells of times long gone.

'Tis the pictured face of an aged man
 Looking upward to the skies,
 And before him, on a mossy stone,
 The sacred volume lies.

Within no holy fane he stands,
 No sumptuous hall he treads;
 Only the glorious arch of heaven
 O'er his devoted head.

'Twas a Sabbath morn, in those sad times
 When, on mountain, hill, and glen,
 They met to praise God's holy name,
 Far from the haunts of men.

Among the far-famed Cartland Craigs,
 By the river's rocky bed,
 A faithful band had met that day,
 By their aged pastor led.

Strange was the scene in that wild place
 As the children's plaintive cries,
 O'er the holy rite of baptism,
 Reached upward to the skies.

The service closed with music sweet
 As the sacred psalm they sung;
 And from nature's grand cathedral
 Sweetly their anthems rung.

Just then their faithful sentinel
 Descried the tyrant foe;
 He raised his voice, and dropped a stone
 Into the pool below.

On a shepherd's staff he hung his plaid,
 Leaned o'er the ledge above;
 They see the sign, but do not fear—
 They know that God is love.

"We have caught them in a net at last,"
 Said one of those sin-girt men;
 "Follow me; we'll be in at the death."
 Prophetic words for them!

Adown those wild precipitous cliffs
 In haste the soldiers ran;
 Where were the Covenanters then?
 They had vanished every man.

That faithful band is safely hid
 In the cavern's rocky hold;
 The strong were ready to help the weak,
 The young to help the old.

The soldiers spied the precious gem
 That tells how He came to save;
 With oath and jest it was spurned by them,
 And cast to the wind and wave.

In their ribaldry they were suddenly seized
 With a strange mysterious dread,
 As they viewed the black and silent walls
 That towered above their head.

Well might they start and tremble then,
 As they heard a distant sound;
 "The Lord have mercy on us," now
 They cried, and gazed around.

Nearer it came, with thundering noise,
 Like a myriad of chariots grand,
 Rolling in iron axles strong,
 Driven by God's own hand.

A mighty waterspout had burst,
 And madly rushed along,
 In a blood-red sea of foaming waves,
 And they perished every one!

From out the Scottish patriot's cave
 Their pastor loud did cry,
 "The Lord our God is terrible,
 Who reigns in heaven on high."

Men, women—aye, and children too—
 Thanks to their Maker gave,
 Who saved them from that seething flood,
 Where their enemies found a grave.

Oh! covenanted Scotland,
 Thrice blessed may you be;
 The heavenly King of Glory
 Shall yet return to thee,

And gather in His loved ones all,
 To sit at His right hand,
 Who for His crown and covenant fought—
 That faithful martyr band.

ON SEEING MR. J. WELSH'S PICTURE— "CREETOWN."

[Painted for J. B. HALLIDAY, London—a Creetonian.]

Oh! beautiful picture, gem of art,
 As I gaze on thee joy fills my heart.
 A stranger, perchance, no beauty may see,
 Yet there 's beauty in every shade for me.
 'Tis my native home, with heath-clad braes;
 Then marvel not that I stand and gaze,
 And linger fondly o'er each loved spot,
 Though far away, yet ne'er forgot.
 I see the old church on the hill,
 And seem to hear the murmuring rill
 As it hastens onwards to the sea;
 My boyhood's home, thou 'rt dear to me!

I left thee in youth's sweet spring-time,
 By fate transported to a distant clime,
 Where gorgeous flowers are e'er in bloom,
 Filling the air with sweet perfume;
 And the stately palm tree waveth high
 'Neath the splendour of an eastern sky.
 And oft, when slumber closed my eyes,
 Sweet visions came, with all their joys,
 And wafted me o'er the trackless main,
 Till I stood in my boyhood's home again,

And roamed, as of old, through mossy dells,
Where grows the daisy and sweet bluebells,
And lingered near the old thorn tree;
Ah! those were happy dreams to me.
They often soothed my heart the while,
Ere I had won Dame Fortune's smile.

In foreign lands no more I roam;
Fair is my happy English home,
And dear ones cling around me there,
With smiles that banish every care.
This picture fair, and oh! so grand,
In the brightest place shall have its stand;
I'll hang it on my chamber wall,
Where golden rays of sunlight fall,
And honour still the artist's name—
Emblazoned yet shall be his fame.
The tints we on the canvas find
Reveal the beauties of the mind.
Each bank, each bush, each leafy tree,
In autumn robes, are joy to me.
Dearer than India's coral strand
Are the hills and glens of my native land;
Fairer than palace with cloud-capped dome,
Is Creetown, loved Creetown, my boyhood's home.

AULD SCOTIA, I LOVE THEE!

[Lines suggested by the visit of a friend to his native place after an absence of eighteen years.]

Auld Scotia, I love thee! dear land of my fathers,
 Again I revisit your heath-covered braes;
 Enraptured, I gaze on the scenes of my boyhood,
 Where first my young footsteps in infancy strayed;
 And looking around me, my thoughts wander backward
 To dear loving comrades, long since passed away;
 Methinks I still hear the sweet sound of their voices,
 As again through youth's careless green valley we stray.

What joys fill my heart as old friends crowd around me,
 With sweet words of welcome and smiles of delight;
 And tell the old tales that to memory are dearest,
 The tales that were told in life's morning so bright.
 Ah! well I remember the day that I left thee,
 My fortune to seek on a far distant shore;
 In silence I gazed on thy green hills and valleys,
 And sighed as I thought I might see them no more.

But fickle Dame Fortune has smiled on me kindly;
 Again through thy green woods with pleasure I roam,
 And rest 'neath the shade of thy old forest monarchs,
 And drink the delights of my dear native home.
 In the fair sister Isle the green shamrock is waving,
 And bright shines the rose upon Albion's plain,
 And proud sunny France boasts her fragrant lily;
 But give me the thistle and heather again.

Full oft over vine-covered hills I have wandered,
 And fair is my home in the far distant west,
 Where sweet spicy breezes so softly are blowing,
 Yet Scotia, auld Scotia, 'tis thee I love best.

I've stood by the side of the lofty Niagara,
 And gazed with delight on the grand waterfall;
 I've sailed the Missouri and famed Mississippi,
 But Cree thou art dearer to me than them all!

WRECK OF THE "JANET WIGNALL."

[The "Janet Wignall" (Captain R. W. Jones) was a vessel trading between Creetown Granite Quarries and Liverpool. On a return voyage she went to pieces on the Borgue Coast, during a terrible gale on the morning of the 18th January, 1879, when all on board—7 in number—perished. For the widows and orphans of the deceased men, the Creetonians, with true Gallovidian generosity, raised an ample fund for their maintenance. Through the energy of Mr. Cooke, Ed. *Galloway Gazette*, Newton-Stewart, a considerable amount was added to the fund. Mr. J. L. Toole, the celebrated actor, was amongst the subscribers. The following appeared in the *Galloway Gazette*:—

"It is thought that such had been the fury of the storm that the boat had become unmanageable at sea; or that, through the darkness of the night and the thickness of the snow and sleet, the lighthouse at Ross Point had been obscured, so there was no friendly beacon to warn the poor mariners of their terrible danger. Be that as it may, when the storm had subsided, and daylight had dawned, the Borgue shore at Borness Point was strewn with dead bodies and pieces of the wreck. Once more Charles Kingsley's lines were true in everything save the number,—

" ' Three corpses lie out in the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam, as the tide goes down;
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come home to the town.

" ' For men must work, and women must weep;
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.'

"The fury of the storm had been such that the boat had been dashed helplessly against the huge cliffs and rocks known as Borness Heugh. From total destruction there seems to have been no escape; and there, amid the fury of the storm, the roar of the angry sea drowning their piercing cries for help, these seven poor human beings perished. Within a short distance from home, these men died at the very spot which, in times of fair weather and foul, had so often been to them a beacon.

* * * * *

"The interments were soon over; and as the mourners descended the hill, they could see far away the boundless ocean, upon which the sun shone gloriously—that very ocean, now so tranquil and beautiful, which a few days before had engulfed the poor unoffending mariners in its terrible fury."]

They sailed away from the Mersey side;
The morn was calm, smooth rolled the tide;
Soon they were ploughing through the foam;
Each heart was light—they were nearing home.

What though darkness was coming on,
And ominous clouds were scudding along?
They would watch the beacon that guards the strand
And rock-bound shores of our own dear land.

A mother watched till day was gone,
And breathed a prayer for her only son;
The sea looked gloomy, the sky o'ercast,
And his ship was on the billow's breast.

A young wife hushed her babe to sleep,
But her thoughts were away on the stormy deep;
Yet she knew her loved one was strong and brave,
And feared not the crest of an angry wave.

Oh! loving friends, you may look in vain,
You will never see them in life again;
Mangled and bruised, their once fair forms
Are dashed on the beach in the pitiless storms.

With blinding sleet and snowflakes white
The friendly beacon was hid from sight;
The doomed ship struck 'mid the whelming waves,
And not one soul on board was saved.

Soon the sad tidings reached their home—
That husbands and fathers all were gone;
And strong men wept and bowed their head,
As sadly they gazed on the silent dead.

A fair young wife, in slumber bound,
Starts from her couch—she hears a sound;
Sweetly she smiles, her heart beats fast,
"I knew," she cries, "you would come at last."

Why does she tremble with sudden fear,
As she sees a friend and her pastor dear?
Ah! wherefore this untimely call?
One glance in his face has told her all.

"Weep not, bereaved one," he softly said;
"Your tears can never bring back the dead;
Let us hope they have reached a brighter shore,
Where storms and shipwrecks come no more."

Shoulder to shoulder they made a bier,
Loving comrades and kindred dear;
Slowly they bore them away to rest
With the British ensign on their breast.

The stranger youths sleep side by side
In sight of the ever-rolling tide;
And far away on Albion's shore
They mourn for those who will come no more.

Roll on, roll on, thou mighty deep,
Thou canst not break their dreamless sleep;
Thy billow's foam, thy dashing waves,
Can never reach their quiet graves.

But a bright and glorious day will come,
When the Saviour's voice will call them home;
Washed in His blood, free from all stain,
They shall meet their loved and lost again.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HAINING.

[Mr. William Haining was fatally injured at Newton-Stewart railway station, on the night of 5th December, 1881, while on duty as platform porter—which post he held for upwards of fifteen years. He had been attending the Wigtownshire train, and on his return he was caught by the buffer of a goods engine and thrown between the metals—the whole train of forty waggons passing over him. He was still conscious when found by his companions, but survived his injuries only a few hours. He was highly respected by all who knew him, and leaves a widow and nine children to mourn his loss.]

I looked on a calm dead face to-day;
I wept—my tears I could not stay—
As I gazed upon his vacant chair,
And saw the orphans weeping there.
His widowed wife was sitting near
That silent form, to her so dear.
Only a few short hours before
In life and health, and now no more!
For many years his labour lay
Where, like a furious beast of prey,
The iron steed comes rushing in,
With deafening shriek and thundering din.
On duty's path he stood that night,
Watching each train with signal bright;
One stood behind him, one had gone,
Another silently came on;

He saw it not, and forward goes—
Ah! fatal step, it lays him low,
And onward goes like rushing wind,
As if no victim lay behind.
They found him bruised and bleeding there,
And raised him up with tender care.
From many an eye the tear-drops fell:
He was their friend—they loved him well.
Oh! mighty steam, though great thy power,
What ruin, in one single hour,
Hast thou not brought to yonder hearth,
So lately fraught with joy and mirth!
They brought him home—what scenes were there!
Ah! who can tell their wild despair?
The home his presence made so bright
Is sunk in sorrow's gloomy night.
They wiped the stains from cheek and brow;
They know his hours are numbered now.
He gazed on all that earth held dear,
Bequeathed to each his blessing here;
He told them all his hour had come,
And meekly said, "God's will be done,"
Then with his pastor joined in prayer—
A sad and solemn scene was there;
Whispering, "Lord Jesus, be my stay,"
Calmly his spirit passed away,
Oh! let us hope, to lands more fair,
To meet death's glorious conqueror there.
Silent they stood, with aching heart;
"We know 'tis very hard to part."
O God! be Thou the widow's stay,
The orphans' guide o'er life's rough way;
Teach them to live by faith and love,
That they may meet their lost above.

TO MY SISTER.

The autumn winds are sighing
 Around my home to-night,
 And memory wanders back again
 To scenes so fair and bright—
 Scenes of our happy childhood,
 When we wandered gay and free,
 In the valley and the greenwood,
 By the dear old River Cree.

I wonder now, my sister,
 If your thoughts go back like mine
 To the wildflowers and the meadow,
 And the days of auld langsyne—
 When we chased the gaudy butterfly
 Through leafy glade and lane;
 Oh! childhood, happy childhood,
 There is music in thy name.

And looking back, dear sister,
 Through the dim dim mist of years,
 Do you wonder that I'm sad to-night,
 And cannot stay my tears;
 For I miss the sunny faces
 And the joyous loving tones
 That echoed with sweet music,
 Around our happy home.

But the household band is scattered,
 With its music and its mirth,
 And one has gone to gladden
 Another home and hearth.

Still in my dreams I see them,
And whisper each loved name;
Shall we ever meet together
In the dear old home again?

When you think of home, dear sister,
Does your heart with rapture thrill?
Or has Albion's cliffs grown dearer
Than Scotia's heath-clad hills?
Methinks I hear you saying,
Though bright the rose may shine,
Land of our covenant fathers,
Loved Scotland, thou art mine.

ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

See the pale moon slowly rising
O'er the gory battle field,
Shining on the calm dead faces
By its silvery light revealed.
From the camp those gallant heroes,
Ere the glorious orb of day
In the east had set its signal,
Were long weary miles away.

Some were England's brave old warriors,
Who had fought her battles well;
When they saw her banners waving,
How their hearts with pride did swell!
Some in manhood's bloom and beauty;
Some in youth's bright happy day;
Eager all to do their duty,
Noble British soldiers they.

See the dusky forms approaching ;
See our heroes bend their knee,
Saying, as they raise the rifle,
“ Dear old England, ’tis for thee.”
“ Save the colours ! guard the standard ! ”
Cries a voice amid the strife.
“ I will save them,” is the answer,
“ I will guard them with my life ! ”

See the war steeds prancing wildly,
Riderless across the plain,
And their brave and noble riders
Lying there amid the slain.
Now the weary day is ended,
And the moonlight’s fitful glare
Shines alike on peer and peasant,
Friends and foes are mingled there.

See the dabbled British ensign,
Wrapped around that youthful form ;
E’en in death he grasped the standard,
’Mid the battle’s din and storm.
On his lip a smile still lingers,
Ere his noble work was done
He had heard the trumpets sounding—
“ England has the battle won ! ”

War, oh war ! where is thy glory ?
All our loved ones lost and gone ;
Widows mourning, orphans weeping,
Broken hearts, and ruined homes !
Britain ! raise thy glorious standard,
Let the words thereon be peace ;
Keep thine honour still untarnished,
And let war and troubles cease.

ACROSTIC.

I n life a true and faithful friend,
 N o miser he with hoarded gold.
 M anly in word and action too ;
 E ager to help both young and old.
 M arvel not though tears be shed
 O n yonder mound wherein he sleeps ;
 R ight nobly he won a name.
 I n honour still his name we'll keep.
 A parent kind, a husband dear,
 M aking himself beloved by all.
 J ocial among the brilliant throng,
 A nd ready at affliction's call.
 M y earnest prayer, O Lord, is this,
 E ternity with him to spend.
 S oon will our earthly race be run,
 B ut heaven's bright journey never ends.
 U nited on that shining shore,
 C onversing with our loved ones there ;
 H appy in that sweet land of rest,
 A heavenly home so bright and fair
 N o parting in that blessed place,
 N ough there but endless love and joy.
 A glorious noontide always shines ;
 N o death-dews fall beyond the sky.
 H e whom we mourn with faith looked up,
 A nd trusted in the Lord on high ;
 L ike him may we, with humble faith,
 L ive, so that when we come to die,
 I n Jesus we may fall asleep.
 D elightful songs we then shall sing ;
 A nd we shall hear a chorus sweet,
 Y ea, Heaven's resplendent arch shall ring.

MY SCOTTISH HEATHER BELL.

'Tis only a letter faded and old,
 Grown dim by the hand of time;
 It came to me long, long ago,
 In a sunny "eastern clime."
 With trembling hand I broke the seal;
 It bound me with a spell,
 As I gazed with joy on those tiny flowers,
 My Scottish heather bell.

Only a sprig from my native land,
 Where wild flowers brightly shine;
 But dearer to me than glittering gold,
 Or gems from an Indian mine.
 Again a careless happy youth,
 I roam through flowery dells,
 And hear the blackbird's sweet love-notes,
 Among my heather bells.

I left my happy boyhood's home
 In search of wealth and fame,
 And wandered on through distant lands,
 Far o'er the trackless main.
 Then blame me not for the thrill of joy,
 Or the tear from my eye that fell,
 As I pressed to my lips that faded flower,
 My Scottish heather bell.

I've plucked the gorgeous scarlet flowers
 From the rich pomegranate tree;
 And roamed through groves of trailing vines,
 But what were they to me?

I'd rather climb yon mountain steep,
And view the mossy dells
Where Scotland's martyred heroes sleep
Beneath her heather bells.

Oft in my dreams I see each spot
Where in happy days I strayed,
But wake to find myself alone,
Beneath the cocoa's shade.
A stranger in the stranger's land,
Far from the rocky fells
Where youth's delightful hours were spent
Among my heather bells.

Dear Scotland! land of liberty,
Home of the true and brave,
On every sea, in every land,
Thy flags of freedom wave.
May peace and plenty still be thine,
And wealth thy coffers swell;
Oh! let me rest in peace at last
Beneath thy heather bell.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND.

A home in heaven! Yes, thou art there,
Free from this world of sin and care;
Free from this world of grief and pain.
We will meet no more on earth again.

On that Sabbath morn when thy spirit fled
I stood and gazed on the silent dead ;
I wept and mourned o'er thy beautiful clay,
And wished, like thee, I might flee away.

But I must wait my Maker's time
To join thee, loved one, in that blest clime ;
And live with thee for evermore
On Canaan's bright and happy shore.

When my weary spirit from earth has fled,
And the golden gates shall lift their head,
Thou wilt welcome me in thy robes of light,
To thy glorious home, that heaven so bright.

There, with our heavenly King to reign,
Never, oh ! never to part again ;
This blessed hope will cheer me on
Till the bright eternal morn shall dawn.

HOME AGAIN.

After many years on a foreign shore,
My own dear home I see once more ;
The home of happy boyish days,
Endeared to me in many ways.

'Twas there I won my girlish bride,
Who now is happy by my side ;
And other dear ones round us move,
Sweet pledges of our mutual love.

When last we left our own dear land
Loved mothers took us by the hand;
With many tears their blessing gave,
But now they're sleeping in their grave.

They've crossed dark Jordan's swelling tide,
And landed safe on Canaan's side;
Now round the great white throne they stand
With that great and exalted band.

What blessed sight! what glad surprise!
When all shall meet beyond the skies,
And live for aye in mansions grand
In that fair home, the better land.

ACROSTIC.

My sister, if you look above,
In meekness, holiness, and love,
Surely there sweet peace you'll find,—
Solace for a troubled mind.

And, oh! no matter where you roam,
Remember this is not your home;
My earnest wish, my fervent prayer,
Shall be: God keep you in His care.
Through every change, though scoffers blame,
Revere His high and holy name.
Our earthly race will soon be run,
Nearer the goal each day we come;
God give us grace, His will be done.

ON SEEING A PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROUP.

I am gazing on a picture
 Of faces young and fair,
 In all their youthful gladness,
 Without one shade of care.

One clasps with girlish fondness
 A bright-eyed baby boy
 The idol of his father's heart,
 His mother's pride and joy.

The pet of all the household,—
 You can see it in each face,
 As with loving arms they fold him
 In affection's warm embrace.

Oh group of sunny faces!
 Oh happy youthful hearts!
 What doth the future hold for thee
 In all its mystic parts?

'Tis well you cannot raise the veil;
 But may it brilliant be,
 As happy and unclouded,—
 The world as fair to see,—

As when in youthful innocence,
 A joyous laughing band,
 Ye sat in life's bright morning
 Beneath the Artist's hand.

TO A LITTLE CHILD.

God bless thee, little baby!
 Thy face I've never seen;
 Yet, in thy home so happy,
 I know thou art a king.

Thy presence makes it brighter;
 May you a blessing be;
 I know bright hopes are centred,
 Dear little one, in thee.

In thy home thou art a treasure;
 Thy parents look with joy
 On their first sweet olive blossom,—
 A guileless baby boy.

Seek thy Saviour, little baby,
 Ere the world thy heart shall sear;
 If His loving arm uphold thee,
 Then thou hast naught to fear.

Like a shepherd He will lead thee
 With tender loving care;
 Ever keep thy feet from falling
 In the world's hidden snare.

Though storm-tossed, He will guide thee
 In safety o'er life's wave,
 To a land of light and beauty,—
 A home beyond the grave.

LINES ON DEATH OF A LITTLE COUSIN.

Our little cousin Maggie
Hath gone and left us now ;
She is shining in the glory land,
With a crown upon her brow.

She hath joined her angel sisters,
Who are singing with that band
Where summer never fadeth,
In the deathless upper land.

Five bright and happy summers
Past o'er her little head ;
Then pain and sickness followed,
And her gentle spirit fled ;

And left us all in sorrow,
When her little form had gone,
To mingle with her kindred dust
In the tomb so drear and lone.

Dear little cousin Maggie,
We will meet on earth no more ;
When day breaks bright in glory
We will meet upon that shore

Where dear ones, long since severed,
Shall all united be,
And live again for ever
Through all eternity.

ON SEEING THE FIRSTBORN CHILD OF
MR. A. M'M—, DASHWOOD SQUARE.

I saw thee, sweet little bud of hope,
As thou slept by thy mother's side,
Who fondly gazed on thy fair young face
With all a mother's pride.

She loves thee with a fervent love,
A love before unknown ;
The first branch from the olive tree
Come to gladden her bright home.

Thy father takes thee in his arms,
And kisses thy tiny cheek ;
His heart is filled with a happy love,
Too deep for words to speak.

In fancy he hears thy little voice
Trying to lisp his name,—
A name that binds him by holier ties,—
And a thrill goes through his frame.

Dream on, dream on, dear little one,
Childhood will soon be gone,
And thou must share this world's care,
If thy stay on earth be long.

May the blessing of God and thy parents' love
For ever on thee rest,
To guide thee safe through this vale of tears
To the mansions of the blest !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JAMES R——.

Why weep ye, why mourn ye, your loved one's at rest,
 Away, far away, in the realms of the blest,
 Away, far away, on that beautiful shore,
 Where joy is unbounded, and grief comes no more.

Ye saw not the angel who hovered above
 The couch of the dying with message of love;
 Ye heard not the accents that fell on his ear,—
 Fear not, thou ransomed, thy Saviour is near.

Ye see not the crown on his glorified brow;
 'Tis only the casket you're gazing on now,
 And soon 'twill be hidden away from thy sight,
 Yet the gem is re-set in the mansions of light.

Spotless and pure are the robes he doth wear
 In the city celestial, that land free from care,
 Where foes never enter, and friends never part,
 But sing the sweet anthems with fulness of heart.

Though he languished and faded in youth's sunny hours,
 He will blossom for ever in Eden's blest bowers;
 No sickness, no death, in that country so fair,
 The glorious sun shines eternally there.

When on this cold earth ye shall breathe your last sigh,
 And your spirits shall soar through the ambient sky;
 Take comfort, bereaved ones, and trust in His love,
 Ye shall all meet again in the mansions above.

WE MET AND LOVED EACH OTHER.

We met and loved each other,
 Not wisely, but too well ;
 Then came the bitter parting,
 More sad than I can tell.

He kissed my brow in silence,
 And pressed me to his heart ;
 He knew our love was hopeless,
 And 'twere better far to part.

When he pressed me to his bosom
 The teardrops dimmed mine eyes,
 For, oh ! I was another's,—
 Bound by solemn, sacred ties.

Another's, yes, another's ;
 Then pity ere you blame :
 While I fought the world's battle,
 Still I felt the hallowed flame.

I was sad when first I met him ;
 I found in him a friend,
 And told him all my sorrows.
 Little dreaming how 'twould end.

I was young ; the world seemed brighter
 When another shared my woe,
 And we learned to love each other
 In that autumn long ago.

We thought not of the future
In those delightful hours ;
The world seemed an Eden
Strewn with love's undying flowers.

Yet though he loved me fondly,—
His was the nobler part,—
For honour's sake he left me
With a sad and aching heart.

Then came a few long letters,
And a miniature so fair ;
They are hidden in a casket,
With a lock of shining hair.

And often in the dreamlight
I gaze with longing eyes
Upon these hidden treasures,—
My dearest earthly prize.

That face, in all its beauty,
Seems of myself a part ;
And when I look upon it
The tears unbidden start.

While life remains I'll keep them
As a miser keeps his gold ;
And none shall know the secret
These treasured relics hold.

They bring to me sweet memories
Of a happy dream of love,
That casts a spell around me
Like light from heaven above.

In that sweet dream we meet again,
And roam o'er each loved spot ;
Oh ! happy vanished autumn
Thou wilt never be forgot.

MY OWN DEAR SCOTTISH HOME.

'Twas a May-day clear and cloudless
I wandered forth alone
To view the regal beauty
That surrounds my native home.

I heard the feathered songsters
Making music 'mong the trees,
And the wild flowers' fragrant perfume
Was wafted on the breeze.

Through leafy dells I wandered,
O'er scenes of bygone days,
Where a happy band—now scattered—
Sported on yon sunny braes.

We plucked the bright-eyed daisies
And twined them in our hair ;
Oh ! we had royal banquets
With youthful lovers there.

I stood beside the school-house,
They were singing soft and low
The same sweet hymn of childhood
We sung long long ago.

Spell-bound, I stood and listened
To the music of their song ;
Again I seemed to mingle
With that bright and happy throng.

Sadly I turned and left them
In their innocence and joy ;
May God still guide and keep them
As changing years roll by !

I turned me to the churchyard
With a weary sigh of care,
And stood in sweet communion
With loved ones sleeping there.

Soon we must sleep beside them,
Beneath the daisied sod ;
But a brighter life awaits us
If we only trust in God.

There's another gem of beauty,
And gracefully it stands,
The noble Church of Scotland—
A treasure in these lands.

The Church our fathers fought for,
And shed their precious blood ;
May it ever stand untarnished,
As for ages it hath stood !

Ere I left these scenes of beauty
I sought the river side,
Where in childhood's happy morning
Our fairy barques did glide.

Sweet sounds of youthful voices
Fell on my listening ear,
As I stood and gazed around me
On scenes to memory dear.

The old oak trees are standing,
With their gnarled trunks the same,
As when we clung around them
In many a merry game.

Sweet were the dear old stories
Among their branches told,
Ere the silver threads had mingled
Among the threads of gold.

There stands the feudal castle,
Near the river, on the hill,
Where old grim-bearded warriors
The wassail bowl did fill.

Now, in that happy, peaceful place,
No warrior's footstep falls;
The battle-cry no more is heard
Within the castle walls.

And youths and merry maidens
Meet there at eventide,
And tell the old old story
As they wander side-by-side.

The yellow broom is waving
O'er the daisy-spangled lea;
And the river in its beauty
Rolls onward to the sea.

Though other lands are fairer,
Where flowers bloom ever bright,
'Neath skies without a cloudlet
To mar the perfect light,

I would rather see old Cairnsmore,
With the mist above its head,
And hear the mountain torrent
Thundering o'er its rocky bed.

It is a scene of beauty,
Fairer yet hath never shone;
No wonder that I love thee,
My own dear Scottish home.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE COUSIN.

Sweet little marble form, sleeping so sound,
Soon they will lay thee in the cold ground;
Soon from thy loved ones they'll bear thee away,
To mix with thy kindred dust,—beautiful clay.

No more thy loved accents shall fall on their ear,
The sound of thy footsteps no more they shall hear;
Silent and motionless now thou dost lie,
Thy little lips sealed, and closed thy dark eye.

Sweet little blossom, cut down in thy bloom,
Soon thou wilt wither within the cold tomb;
Brief the bright years that were unto thee given;
But we know that “of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Four dear little blossoms are gone from thy hearth,
And ye miss their sweet prattle, their music and mirth;
Though they sleep 'neath the sod, and are hid from thy sight,
They are blooming above in the mansions of light.

What are earth's gilded toys when compared with that home,
Where God's people shall be when their work here is done;
When loved ones shall meet in that glittering throng,
And sing on for ever the conqueror's song!

When the conqueror of conquerors shall stand in thy home,
And thy closed eyes shall ope in the world to come,
Take comfort, bereaved ones, and do not despair,
Your dear little Bessie shall meet with you there.

ACROSTIC.

M y earnest prayer to thee is this :
R emember still the Lord thy God.

J oin with the lowly and the meek,
A nd watch and pray on life's dark road ;
M ake for thyself an honoured name ;
E ndeavour still to do thy best ;
S eek ye the Lord, and fear Him still.

C leave to the truth, 'twill stand the test ;
O ppose the wrong ; defend the right—
W hate'er betide—where'er you roam ;
A nd if on duty's path you keep,
N ever despair, bright days will come.

TO J. B. H——, LONDON, ON THE DEATH OF
HIS FRIEND, D. M'M——, CREETOWN.

What joy and rapture filled my heart
A few short hours ago!
And now, beside my dear dead friend,
I stand in speechless woe.

I had travelled many long long miles
To see his face once more,
And spend a few delightful hours
In dear old haunts of yore.

But, ah! the mighty conqueror came
Ere I had reached his side,
And fixed his seal upon his brow,
In manhood's bloom and pride.

And gazing on his lifeless form
My bosom swells with pain;
And is it thus, my dearest friend,
That we two meet again?

Oft have we met in youth's bright morn;
And memory's magic powers
Bring back a thousand happy scenes
Of boyhood's careless hours.

Again we dance upon the green,
And through the woods we roam,
Or plunge beneath the cooling stream;
Oh! joys for ever gone.

I may not hear his mirthful voice,
 'Tis hushed for evermore,
Nor feel the warm clasp of his hand,—
 Ah! no, those dreams are o'er.

A generous heart beat in his breast,
 Faithful, kind, and true;
In him the needy found a friend
 Of which the world ne'er knew.

We comrades were in life's gay morn;
 Through good report and ill
We shared each other's joys and cares;
 I'll love his memory still.

God comfort his poor widowed wife,
 So suddenly bereaved;
Oh! may she put her trust in Him,
 He never will deceive.

May He protect His loved ones all,
 And be their guide and stay;
Their leader o'er life's thorny road,
 Till dawns a brighter day.

In that fair home "not made with hands,"
 Where the pure in heart shall dwell,
Oh! let us hope we all shall meet,
 Till then, dear friends, farewell.

ON THE "VALE OF CREE" LODGE, (I. O. G. T.)

May the "Vale of Cree" Lodge ever flourish and stand,
 Till the curse of intemperance is swept from our land,
 And the desolate homes on our beautiful isle,
 'Neath our wide-spreading banner shall flourish and smile.
 Loved Britain! whom poets call land of the free!
 Land of the brave! land of sweet liberty!
 Though thy daughters are fair, and thy sons true and brave,
 Yet thy bondage is worse than the poor galley slave;

For the Demon King Alcohol reigns over all,
 From the lowliest cot to the stateliest hall.
 All have felt his dread power, his soul-with'ring breath,
 Sending countless thousands to ruin and death.
 Look down, blessed Lord, from thy heavenly home,
 And turn the backsliders who from us hath gone;
 Let them know that their stay is but transient here,
 But life will be endless in heaven's blest sphere.

When the sorrows and joys of this world are all o'er,
 May we all meet at last on that radiant shore,
 Where flowers never fade, but are ever in bloom,
 Yet no drunkard can enter; for him there's no room.
 No room for the lost one in yonder bright sky;
 Then turn ye! O turn ye! for why will ye die?
 Take our pledge; God will help thee thy promise to keep;
 The Shepherd of Israel ne'er slumbers nor sleeps.

The gallant Knight-templars, in ages long past,
 Never swerved from their vows; they were true to the last.
 They left home and country, and crossed the dark sea,
 And waved their red banners o'er deep Galilee.

To defend that red cross they left England's fair bowers,
And Scotia's wild heather and blue mountain flowers ;
And slept their last sleep on the red field of fame,
With honour untarnished : let ours be the same. .

Like them, from fair Scotia's shores we may roam,
To islands that sleep in the wave-crested foam ;
Let our drink be pure water wherever we be,
'Neath tropical skies or the fair Vale of Cree.
Our field is the world ; let our soldiers be brave ;
We know that repentance comes not from the grave ;
Then hold fast our banner, and work while we may,
That the bright lights of temperance may blaze on for aye.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE.

Be faithful and true to the sacred vows
Which thou hast made to-night ;
They are registered in heaven above,
Where all is pure and bright.

They are sacred, solemn, holy vows,
Which nought but death can sever ;
Keep them with truth and virtue too,
And make them bright for ever. .

Thou hast bade farewell to childhood's home,
The home of thy early life ;
Thy maiden name thou hast laid aside
For the sacred name of wife.

May he, the chosen of thy heart,
Still shield thee with his love,
A love that stronger, deeper grows,
As future years shall prove !

Should little olive branches come
To cluster round thy home,
May they to thee a blessing be
In all the years to come!

Teach them to early seek their God,
And from temptation fly,
That when they leave this earthly home
They may find one on high.

Live for each other; always strive
To make life's trials light,
That thy happiness may be the same
As it was on thy bridal night.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

TO MR. J. P—, NEWTON-STEWART.

The summer has come with outspread wings;
On hill and dell new verdure springs;
The birds are singing on bush and tree;
And we hear the hum of the laden bee.
The air is filled with sweet perfume,
From gorgeous flowers that brightly bloom;
The river is murmuring soft and low,
And yet my heart is full of woe.

In my once bright home there's a vacant chair;
And she who smiled so sweetly there,
And filled my home with joy and light,
Is hid for ever from my sight.
She left us when the summer flowers
Were shining bright in leafy bowers;
Ah! that is why I'm sad to-day,
When all the world is fair and gay.

My thoughts go back to the long ago;
I stand in the sunset's golden glow,
And see her smile of sweet surprise,
As I tell my love 'neath the twilight skies.
She nestles closer to my side,
The tell-tale blush on her cheek to hide;
The words that bound us, I hear them now;
Oh! solemn and sweet is the marriage vow.

When little voices came to cheer,
The vows we made seemed doubly dear;
No fairer sight on earth to me
Than the children clinging round her knee.
With outstretched arms they'd gladly come,
And nightly give me a welcome home.
Oh! childhood's hours are fair and bright;
But soon they vanish from our sight.

Their childish voices soon were gone;
And youths and maidens filled our home;
With joy we watched our opening flowers,
Through springtimes' happy, careless hours.
But changes came with fleeting years;
Ofttimes our smiles were mixed with tears,
As one by one they left our hearth,
To fill another home with mirth.

One sleeps far o'er the dark blue wave;
In the strangers' land she found a grave;
She left us on her bridal night,
When all the future seemed so bright.
Another hailed an infant's birth,
Then bade farewell to all on earth;
And one beside her mother sleeps,
Where God, the Lord, a watch still keeps.

Oh! blessed thought, when life is o'er,
By the crystal tide on the silvery shore,
We shall meet where the waves of mercy roll,
With cadence sweet to the ransomed soul;
And sing redemption's blessed story,
As we roam with our loved o'er the fields of glory;
Forgotten will be all our griefs and care,
In the perfect bliss that awaits us there.

TO MRS. M'P——, A LADY FRIEND,

On a visit to her native home, after an absence of twenty-four years.

O Scotland! bonnie Scotland,
Thou wilt still be dear to me;
I have crossed the broad Atlantic,
Again thy hills to see.

In my girlhood's home I'm standing,
And tears unbidden start,
As dear ones gather round me,
And press me to their heart.

'Tis long long since I left thee,
And to me the world seemed fair;
I had tasted of its pleasures,
Never dreaming of its care.

I left my home and kindred
Another home to seek
In the far land of the stranger,
Across the trackless deep.

And though he stood beside me,
The chosen of my heart,
I felt, oh! bonnie Scotland,
'Twas hard from thee to part.

Thy fields were clad in beauty
With autumn's golden sheaves,
And I listened to the murmur
Of the softly falling leaves.

My eyes grew dim and misty
As I breathed a sad adieu,
And watched thy hills and valleys
Receding from my view.

And often, bonnie Scotland,
In my home across the sea,
From the haunted halls of memory
Loved visions came of thee.

We stood beside the river,
Sweet haunt of life's young day;
And the lovely flower-gemmed meadow,
With its scent of fragrant hay;

And plucked the bramble berries
In the shadow of yon wood,
Till evening's dewy curtain
Fell o'er us where we stood.

TO MRS. M'P——, A LADY FRIEND.

Oh! happy vanished spring time;
Oh! friends of bygone days;
Though ye wander far from Scotland,
And its sweet broom-covered braes,

I know, when worn and weary,
And the toilsome day is gone,
Sweet visions hover o'er you
Of childhood's happy home.

I must leave thee, bonnie Scotland,
For my home across the sea,
By far-famed Lake Superior,
Where dear ones wait on me.

My home with love shines brightly,
And yet I sometimes weep
O'er graves beneath the cypress,
Where my olive branches sleep.

Though dear ones here are parted,
I know beyond the sky
We shall have a sweet re-union
In the glorious by-and-by.

As I tread life's rugged pathway,
This thought shall cheer me on,
When far from thee, loved Galloway,
My own dear native home.

My heart with fond affection
Will linger o'er thee yet,
Oh! Scotland, bonnie Scotland,
I'll never thee forget.

ACROSTIC.

T o thee, our pastor, God hath given
 H is earthly flock to tend with care;
 E xplain to us the Gospel truths,
 R eveal the secrets hidden there.
 E nlighten thou our darkened minds,
 V ain-glorying in self-righteousness.
 E arth's glories soon will fade from sight;
 R eset the gem of heavenly light.
 E xhaustless is the source of bliss.
 N or murmur if the task be hard;
 D raw near to God in earnest prayer.

J esus, our King, on wings of light,
 A n answer sweet to thee will bear.
 M ay you be found, as years roll on,
 E xcelling still in grace divine,
 S owing rich seeds of faith and love,

M aking thy light more brightly shine!
 A nd when life's battle you have fought,
 C ontented may you close your eyes;
 D awn, glorious dawn, for thee will break
 O n fairer scenes beyond the skies.
 N o foes can enter that bright land,
 A nd friends who meet will part no more.
 L ife there is one bright endless day;
 D eath cannot reach that love-girt shore.

I f storms should rise on life's dark sea,
N il desperandum, a calm will come;
 G reat waves of glory shall o'er thee roll,
 L ighting the way to thy heavenly home.
 I mbowered in that bright land above,
 S afely He'll shield thee with His love.

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE ALICE ———,
DUNDEE.

We will not forget thee, our own little darling,
Though under the daisies they 've laid thee to sleep;
When we think on thy smiles and sweet childish prattle,
Although it is sinful, we cannot but weep.

Ah! yes, it is sinful to mourn thee, beloved one;
We know thou art safe with the Saviour now;
He took thee away in thy innocent childhood,
Ere sorrow or care left a trace on thy brow.

You say, little Lizzie, your sister is sleeping
A long time. My darling, she will not awake
Till the bright blessed dawn of the endless morning;
Oh! then, little Alice, your slumber will break.

When the archangel's trumpet through heaven is sounding,
And hosts of bright angels are cleaving the skies;
We shall meet thee in gladness, beyond the dark river,
And never a tear shall again dim our eyes.

We must take up our cross, and bear it with patience;
Whom the Saviour loveth, He chasteneth here.
If we trust in His love He will never deceive us;
If He is our friend, we have nothing to fear.

Farewell, little darling, we will not forget thee,
Though taken so soon to the mansions above;
Oh! may we, like thee, win a bright crown of glory,
And sing, with the ransomed, His boundless love.

FAREWELL TO THE RIVER CREE.

[Lines written to a friend on his leaving home.]

Farewell, dear old river, I'm leaving thee now,
And gently the light breeze is fanning my brow:
Ere sunset to-morrow far from thee I'll be,
But I will not forget thee, romantic old Cree.

I've bathed in thy waters in youth's sunny hours,
And roamed on thy green banks and plucked the wild flowers:
I'll keep each loved spot in my memory green,
Though the mighty Atlantic is rolling between.

The bright hours of boyhood are faded and gone,
And now I must leave thee, my own native home,
My friends and companions so dear to my heart,
To seek fame and fortune in life's busy mart.

In the land of the stranger new friends I will find,
But not like the old ones I'm leaving behind;
The friends of my youth ne'er forgotten shall be,
Nor the hours I have spent on thy banks, lovely Cree.

When hoary old winter's encircling arms
Threw o'er thee a mantle of sweet icy charms,
In the bright silvery moonlight how happy were we,
Gliding over thy bosom in triumph, loved Cree!

I've stood by the Clyde, 'tis a gem in our land,
And gazed on the Mersey, so noble and grand,
Where the flags of all nations wave proudly and free;
But, oh! thou art dearer, meandering Cree.

Forget thee, old river, ah! yes, I'll forget
When my heart shall cease beating and life's sun has set,
When the bright orb forgets to rise over the lea,
Oh! then I'll forget thee, beloved River Cree.

ACROSTIC.

M ore fair than any sparkling gem
 I s that pure rippling stream,
 S wiftly flowing from the rock,
 S weet as a poet's dream.

M assabielle, oh ! sacred place,
 A light still shineth there;
 R evere her name, 'twas there she stood,
 Y ea, our Blessed Lady fair.

F ar off ; in her holy convent home,
 A simple peasant maid
 R eclines in peace, in her humble cell,
 N or need she be afraid.
 O h ! sacred place, oh ! heavenly light,
 N ew joy she found in that blessed sight.

LINES ON THE FUNERAL OF MISS RANKEN.

[Miss Jane Ranken, for many years Teacher of the Countess of Galloway's Schools at Cumloden and Newton-Stewart successively, died on Sabbath morning, 1st February, 1880, in her ninety-second year ; and was interred the following Wednesday within the ruins of the old Church of Minnigaff. The following lines were suggested by seeing her Funeral pass thither.]

She is gone for ever, from earth away,
 My teacher in life's early day ;
 Slowly the funeral passes by ;
 Sadly I gaze with tear-dimm'd eye,
 When the dear old playground comes in sight
 With youthful forms and faces bright,
 And then I see, more dear than all,
 The School-house with its ivied wall.

'Twas Galloway's good and noble lord,
 Who sleeps in peace in the old churchyard,—
 The noblest of that honoured race,—
 Endowed and founded that sweet place,
 With her who holds his memory dear ;
 Oh well may we their names revere :
 The widow and the orphan's stay,—
 Their noble deeds will last for aye.

That lovely spot,—those vanished scenes
 They haunt me yet in happy dreams ;
 Sometimes I stand in the old school-room,
 Inhaling the bright flowers' sweet perfume,
 When I feel a soft hand on my brow,
 And hear a voice, that is silent now,
 Telling a young and thoughtless band
 Of mansions fair in the better land.

She told us of the joyful strains
 The shepherds heard on Bethlehem's plains,
 On that ne'er to be forgotten morn,
 When Christ our Heavenly King was born ;
 How God, the Father, in His love,
 Sent Him from that bright world above
 To this cold earth,—to bleed and die,
 That we might live with Him on high.

Oft did she breathe a fervent prayer
 That He would keep us in His care,
 With loving hand still lead us on
 When in the world's gaudy throng ;
 Though tossing on life's troubl'd sea
 Her blessed words oft come to me,—
 Seek ye the Lord, and fear Him still,
 He'll keep you safe from every ill.

Now full of years, with life well spent,
The heavenly messenger was sent
To bear her ransomed spirit home,
To praise His name before the throne.
Sleeping in Jesus! blessed word,
Waiting the coming of the Lord;
Faithful servant, thy work is done,
The crown is thine, the kingdom won.

ON HEARING AN ESSAY READ IN THE "VALE
OF CREE" LODGE BY MISS M. A——.

Sister, to-night you gained the prize
For which a few of us did strive,
Your essay was pronounced the best
When each one was put to the test.

You know 'tis but an earthly prize,
A brighter waits you in the skies,
Yes, waits for all—if they will seek;
God surely will His promise keep.

And when you stand on Zion hill,
Before Him who said, "Peace, be still,"
May your essay, in the land of light,
Stand testing, as it did to-night.

And may we all, on that bright shore,
United be for evermore;
A long eternity to spend,
Our blessed Lord our guide and friend.

Our day of grace is but a span,
Then let us use it while we can,
That when our earthly race is run
We may say, "Lord, thy will be done."

When earth, and sea, and sky are fled,
Our essays then will all be read;
Oh! may our prizes be, that day,
A crown of life to wear for aye.

WEE MAGGIE.

Thou'rt sleeping now, wee Maggie,
Sleeping never more to wake,
Till the blessed light of glory
On the endless morn shall break.

Thou hast joined thine angel sister,
Never more to part again;
Oh! to be with thee, wee Maggie,
On that bright extended plain.

Though thy parents here are mourning
For the children of their love,
They shall meet you all in gladness
In the glorious heaven above.

When life's weary day is ended,
And they reach the silv'ry shore,
Then with thee, wee angel Maggie,
They shall live for evermore.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY ELIZABETH
AND JOHN M'G—,

THE BELOVED CHILDREN OF J. AND M. M'G—, DUNDEE.

They are now in that land of peace and love
Where sickness and pain are o'er,
The home they filled with joy and light
Shall know them again no more.

They have crossed the starless jasper sea,
Gone through its waters cold,
And reached the bright and shining shore,
Where youth will ne'er grow old.

And white-winged angels round them throng
With smiles and words of joy;
They tune their harps to welcome them
To their Father's home on high.

What tho' they lie in the churchyard lone,
Where wild winds round them blow,
The storm may rage, and loved ones weep,
They hear no sounds of woe.

Far away, in that glorious heavenly home,
Where the weary findeth rest,
They sing, with the happy minstrel throng,
The love-notes of the blest.

When death's cold hand shall lay us low,
May we walk in that countless throng,
And gaze with joy on each loved face,
As we join in their endless song!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A. AND I. C——,

THE BELOVED CHILDREN OF J. AND I. C——, NEWTON-STEWART.

'Tis the shadowy hour of evening,
 And through the mists I see
 Loved forms and happy faces
 That are hidden now from me,—

Hidden where the yew tree waveth,
 In the churchyard's sombre gloom;
 Shining in the fields of glory,
 Where flowers for ever bloom.

As the shadows deepen round me
 I breathe a weary sigh,
 Round my neck soft arms are stealing,
 Little pattering feet go by.

With sounds of mirth and music,
 From the dead and buried past,
 They smile and flit around me,
 And my heart beats loud and fast.

Through the gloom the sun is shining,
 Broken is the mystic spell,
 I see my little Agnes
 And my bright-eyed Isabel.

No vain regrets nor longings
 Can mar their perfect bliss;
 Oh! I would not recall them
 To a weary world like this.

On the silvery shore they're standing,
 And beckoning me to come;
 With their little hands to guide me,
 Sweet will be my welcome home.

ACROSTIC.

M y sister dear, 'tis long since we,
 I n youthful innocence and glee,
 S at down by yon clear murmuring rill;
 S weet vanished hours, ye haunt me still.

R ound each loved spot I oft-times roam,
 A nd think of dear ones long since gone;
 C ould I recall those friends once more,
 H ow I would greet them as of yore;
 E ndearing tales would then be told—
 L ove's magic lore will ne'er grow old.

A nd, sister dear, where'er you be,
 R emember still the banks o' Cree;
 M any fond delightful hours
 S pent we 'mong its leafy bowers;
 T hrough childhood's bright and happy days,
 R ambling on its flowery braes,
 O r wading in the rippling streams,
 N o care disturbed our youthful dreams;
 G one, gone for aye, are those bright scenes.

TO A LITTLE FRIEND IN KILMARNOCK.

They tell me thou art fair, "Wee Dick,"
 Fragile and very wise,
 With wreaths of sunny golden hair,
 And lustrous large dark eyes.

They say thy gentle winning ways
And cheerful ringing voice,
Thy happy smile—so free from guile,
Makes every heart rejoice.

Thou art beloved by all, “Wee Dick;”
Thy presence makes them bright;
Oh! may the memory of that love
Still guide thy steps aright.

’Tis loving words bring forth good deeds;
And if afar you roam,
Remember those who love you still
In childhood’s happy home.

May grace and truth be with you still
When youthful years are fled,
And time’s relentless hand hath tinged
Thy sunny golden head.

And seek the love that changeth not;
We know God loved us so,
He sent His only Son to die,
To save our souls from woe.

And by His death eternal life,
In yon bright world above,
Awaits on all who serve Him here,
Still trusting in His love.

Then give your heart to Him, “Wee Dick,”
Ere childhood’s years be past;
He’ll be your friend till life shall end,
And take you home at last.

ACROSTIC.

M ay you still be gay and happy,
 I s my wish, dear youthful friend;
 S afely tread life's rugged pathway,
 S afely reach your journey's end.

S hun the way of evil doers,
 A nd from all temptation flee.
 R eason gently with the erring,
 A lways strive their guide to be.
 H onour thy beloved parents

M ore than all on earth beside.
 C ling with faith to Calvary's symbol,
 G lory in Him crucified.
 I n His loving arms seek shelter,
 V ictory shall then be thine.
 E nvy not earth's gaudy treasures;
 R ichest grace you there shall find.
 I n thought, word, and deed be pure,—
 N ought but this can peace secure.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

"Twas in the lovely month of May
 Our little blossom came,
 For one "not lost, but gone before,"—
 We called her little Jane.

With sunny hair and face so fair,
 And gentle mild blue eye;
 Scarce fit to lisp her infant prayer
 When called home on high.

But two short years and four short months
On this cold earth to stay;
Now shining bright in robes of light
In the realms of endless day.

Six weary days and weary nights
Of sickness and of pain,
Then angels came and whispered low—
Come home, dear little Jane :

We need thee in our home on high,
Thou shalt dwell on earth no more ;
A glorious crown awaits thee now
On the fair celestial shore ;

At the golden gate our King doth wait
To place it on thy head ;
He 'll lead thee there 'mid pastures fair,
Where bright flowers never fade.

Thou, a chosen lamb, to our fold wilt come,
In our blessed Shepherd's care ;
Clasped to His breast in endless rest,—
No pain, no sickness there.

'Tis joy to know thou 'rt with the blest,
From this sin-girt world free ;
I trust, when comes my day of rest,
That I may be with thee.

And though no more in this cold world
I 'll look on thee again,
With brighter eyes above the skies
I 'll see my little Jane.

ACROSTIC.

M ay thy pathway through life be strewn with bright flowers,
R adiant and fair as in youth's happy hours.

P eace and prosperity may you still find,
A nd friends you can trust, both loving and kind.
T ake thy cares to the cross, that emblem sublime;
R emember His promise,—a crown shall be thine.
I n thy journey through life let thy password still be—
C ommunion, my blessed Redeemer, with Thee.
K eep all His precepts, nor stumble, nor fall;

M ighty His arm, 'twill uphold thee through all.
C leave to thy faith, it is better than fame;
G lorify God, and honour His name.
I n death's gloomy valley He 'll walk by thy side,
V eiling thine eyes till you see the bright tide
E bbing and flowing on yonder fair shore,
R egal in beauty, where death comes no more.
I f you keep His commandments, and trust in His love,
N ew joys shall be yours in the mansions above.

TO MRS. J. S——, NEWTON-STEWART,

IN MEMORY OF HER THREE CHILDREN.

Just another little blossom
Lying cold and silent there,
With a wreath of golden ringlets
Clustering round her face so fair.

Little heart now stilled for ever,
All its weary throbbings o'er;
Calm and peaceful is her slumber,
Naught can ever wake her more.

Oh! my darling, she is happy
Far beyond the mist-wreathed cloud;
But 'tis sad to look upon her
Lying in her snow-white shroud.

Oh! to sleep in peace beside her;
Oh! for wings to flee away
From this world of pain and sorrow
To that land of perfect day.

When God took my first sweet blossom,
Then I thought I could not live;
Oh! that call was swift and sudden,
Yet He takes but what He gives.

Still I hear her low soft whisper,
When my hand lay on her brow,—
Oh! I am so tired, mother;
Oh! I am so weary now.

Soon the bright eyes closed for ever,
And our grief we could not hide;
Then He took her baby brother;
Now, they all sleep side-by-side.

Such is life—a transient sunbeam,
Then a wild and stormy blast;
But the haven lies before us,
Where we'll anchor safe at last.

I will hear my loved ones calling
From the far off blissful shore;
When I cross death's narrow river,
They will bid me welcome o'er.

ACROSTIC.

I have looked my last on that face so dear,
N ever again will he smile on me ;

M y eyes are dim with many a tear,
E arly and late his face I see.
M y God, in Thee I'll put my trust ;
O ur earthly pleasures all are vain ;
R e-union we shall have at last ;
I n heaven eternal joys remain.
A nd I will strive to meet him there ;
M y earnest prayers shall reach the throne.

J esus will be my guide and stay,
O n faith's bright wings He'll bear me on ;
H ow happy will our meeting be !
N o care to mar the pleasure there,—

T he "King of kings" in love doth reign.
A h! 'tis a home beyond compare.
I 'll meet him on that shining shore,
T here pain and parting come no more.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

O Storm King! see what thou hast done
In thy wild mad revels to-night ;
Thou hast broken hearts, and ruined homes,
That lately were fair and bright.

That monument, so noble and grand,
O'er the beautiful Firth of Tay,
That proudly raised its crested head,
Thou hast swept, in thy wrath, away.

Swept away by thy mighty power,
With its freight of human souls,
Into the depths of the surging wave,
Where deep dark waters roll.

Ah! little thought those death-doomed ones
That danger lurked so near—
With joyful hearts they were speeding on
To hail the glad new-year.

“Will the bridge be safe?” asks a maiden fair,
With light and graceful form.—
“The bridge is safe, you need not fear,
’Twill stand the raging storm.”

On rushed the panting iron steed,
And doubts and fear were gone,
As through the darkness they espied
The lights of their own dear home.

And anxious ones are waiting there
To meet their loved once more.
Will the mighty structure stand the blast
And bear them safely o’er?

’Tis reached at last, fierce blows the gale,
No warning voice is there;
No earthly power can save them now—
All, all is wild despair.

The watchers stand with bated breath
As the doom’d train rushes on;
Three flashes bright break on their sight,
Then all is lost and gone.

Let us draw the veil o'er that sad scene
 Of sorrow and wild dismay;
 God comfort those who are mourning now
 On the beautiful Firth of Tay.

Oh! boast not man of thy mighty works,
 With all their pomp and show;
 When the Great Unseen puts forth His hand,
 They're laid in ruins low.

Then let us fear His holy name,
 And serve Him while we may,
 Lest we should get a sudden call,
 As they did on the Bridge of Tay.

ACROSTIC.

'T will long be remembered by all who have seen
 O ur artist's fine picture,—how lovely the scene!

M em'ry, fond mem'ry, brings back to our mind,
 R esplendent as ever, the days o' langsyne.

J oyfully gaze we on each beloved spot.
 O h! dear River Cree, thou'lt ne'er be forgot;
 S ummer winds sighing thy bosom along,
 E ndless thy murmur, ceaseless thy song.
 P ainted with various colours so fine,
 H eaven's own tints on the canvas doth shine.

W ell may we gaze on a picture so fair,
 E mblem of beauty, costly and rare;
 L ovely the landscape, fair stands our town,
 S miling on green hills and valleys around.
 H ope on, work on, artist, fame will thee crown.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. J. R——,
 NEWTON-STEWART.

My husband dear, 'tis long ago
 Since I stood by thy dying bed ;
 I knew the parting hour had come,
 And many silent tears I shed.

I still can hear thy last farewell,
 And feel the soft clasp of thy hand,
 Ere death's pale ensign o'er thee spread,
 And wafted thee across the strand.

The fair May morn in beauty dawned
 On loving watchers by thy side,
 But ere the sun had sank to rest
 Thy barque had crossed the swelling tide.

Oft in the silent hours of night
 Sweet visions o'er my slumbers come ;
 But morn dispels those visions bright
 That makes a heaven of my home.

Time cannot wean my heart from thee ;
 I seem to feel thy presence near,
 Though summer flowers and winter snows
 Have decked thy grave for many a year.

My husband dear, my children's sire,
 The sharer of my joy and woe,
 Thy image in my heart shall dwell
 As in the happy long ago.

God took thee, 'twas His blessed will ;
 And when life's vain parade is o'er,
 A joyful meeting ours shall be
 Where pain and parting come no more.

ACROSTIC.

I wonder, beloved one, if we shall meet
 Near the great white throne at the mercy-seat,
 'Mong the white-robed throng in the spirit-land,
 Each having a place at God's right hand.
 Mysterious, Lord, are all thy ways !
 Our feeble lips breathe forth Thy praise ;
 Renew our hearts, our doubts remove ;
 Ye, Lord, we need thy pardoning love.

Our hearts are sad, tears dim our eyes,
 For in the grave our loved one lies.

Death came when all was fair and bright,
 And not a shadow dimmed our light.
 Vain are our sighs, in vain we weep,
 In death's embrace he'll soundly sleep ;
 Deep sorrow dwells within my heart.

My own beloved ! 'tis sad to part.
 Can I forget thee ?—yes, when death
 My eyes shall close and stay my breath.
 Ah ! then, when the grand secret's mine,
 Shall we not live in love divine ?
 There all is bright, nought can decay,
 Eternal joys fade not away,—
 Rejoice shall we when comes that day.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MARY D——.

The conflict is over, the mourners stand
And gaze on their loved one gone,
While angels sing a chorus sweet
As they bear her spirit home.

The dew of death is gathering fast
Around her pallid brow;
Ah! what a change! 'tis the soulless clay
That lies before them now.

But, oh! her never-dying soul
Is soaring through the sky,
To dwell for ever with the Lord
In His fair home on high.

In that bright land no sorrow comes,
Nor youthful days decline,
And on those everlasting hills
The glorious sun will shine.

She'll look with joy on His kingly brow,
Once wreathed with a thorny crown;
Oh! priceless love, when He for us
His spotless life laid down.

On earth she gloried in the cross
On which He bled and died,
And now she wears those royal robes
Washed white in His crimson tide.

And though she sleeps in her narrow bed,
In the peaceful silent land,
Her spiritual voice now sings His praise
With the happy white-robed band.

She hath left this world and its transient joys
For a world by love made bright ;
What joy 'twill be when loved ones meet
In that beautiful land of light !

LONG AGO.

I loved you in the days of youth,
When my heart was free from care,
Ere time's rude hand had touched my brow,
And left its impress there.

I loved to wander by thy side,
To hear thy winning voice ;
Each word was music to my ear,
And made my heart rejoice.

You told me of the sunny lands
Beyond the bright blue sea ;
Oh ! how I wish those happy hours
Would come once more to me.

But long long years have passed since then,
And love's bright dreams are o'er ;
Those golden hours, on time's swift wings,
Are flown for evermore.

Though other ties now bind each one,
The thought of days gone by
Comes o'er me like a shadow still,
And leaves behind a sigh.

Fond memory lingers o'er those scenes ;
They brighter grow each day.
The fervent love our hearts first knew
Can never fade away.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF "WEE SARAH"
 AND MAGGIE M'G——.

Our loved ones sleep their long last sleep,
 And guardian angels watch still keep
 O'er the grassy mounds where in peace they lie,
 Till God shall call them to the sky.

Sweet little flowers, sent from above
 To fill our hearts with holy love;
 But soon, ah! soon they withered here,
 To blossom in a brighter sphere.

Ere sin had left a crimson stain,
 The great and mighty Conqueror came
 And kissed their little breath away,
 And left us nought but lifeless clay.

We robed their forms in spotless white—
 Now they are clothed in robes of light,
 And crowns of glory, heaven's bright gems,
 More fair than all earth's diadems.

For ever safe within the fold,
 They tread those streets of shining gold;
 Of such is heaven's kingdom made—
 These were the blessed words He said.

Now silent is each little voice
 That often made our hearts rejoice;
 Yet, in that happy land of rest
 They sing the anthems of the blest.

Deep is their sleep, sweet is their rest;
 God's will be done, He knoweth best.
 We'll trust in Him, that on that shore
 We all may meet and part no more.

FROM AFAR.

The full moon in splendour is shining to-night,
 And prairie and forest are radiant with light,
 The soft wind comes whispering from o'er the blue sea,
 And my thoughts wander back, bonnie Scotland, to thee.

Yes, sleeping or waking, sweet visions will come
 Of the land of my fathers, my dear native home,
 Where in youth's sunny morning, so joyous and free,
 I roamed 'mong the heather and chased the wild bee.

Old Wigtown! in dreams I revisit your shore,
 And bathe in thy waters again as of yore;
 Round thy old granite cross, with a bright happy band,
 On the magical pinions of fancy I stand.

Ah! well I remember the long winter night,
 When we sat round the fire, so cheerful and bright,
 And listened enrapt to some auld Scottish tune,
 Or the time-honoured legend of ancient Baldoon:

How the weird lady wanders, at midnight's lone hours,
 Through the old feudal ruins and ivy-clad towers.
 Oh! bright are those day-dreams, they bring to my mind
 The sweet vanished pleasures o' bonnie langsyne.

'Tis sweet, though in dreams, each loved spot to review,
 Where, with youthful companions, so faithful and true,
 We drank the bright pleasures of life's early day—
 Oh! boyhood, thy hours past too swiftly away.

Long years have rolled on since I crossed the dark wave,
 And left thee, auld Scotia, thou land of the brave;
 Yet dearer to me are thy wild mountain flowers
 Than all the rich blossoms from vine-covered bowers.

Though fair be this country, and soft blows the breeze
From olive, and myrtle, and stately palm trees ;
And the bulbul is singing our forests among,
But it cannot compare with thy grey linnet's song.

If fortune should waft me across the wide main,
Enraptured I'd gaze on thy blue hills again ;
With loved ones around me, my wish then would be—
To sleep my last sleep, bonnie Scotland, in thee.

ON THE DEATH OF M. H. V——,

THE BELOVED CHILD OF J. AND E. V——, CREETOWN.

Our darling sleeps in Jesus now ;
Pale and cold is her fair young brow ;
Her voice is hushed for evermore ;
Life's short sweet dream with her is o'er.

Her little chair is vacant now,
And sorrow clouds my aching brow ;
Her guileless talk and smiles so bright
Oft filled my heart with fond delight.

I see her in my visioned sleep,—
Oh ! blame me not although I weep ;
I know God took my little flower
To bloom for aye in His fadeless bower.

A mother's love can ne'er decay,
When earth and sea have passed away
'Twill brighter shine in worlds above,—
Not even death can quench that love.

In God's lone acre now she will lie,
Where wild flowers bloom and soft winds sigh;
The young, the old, the gay, the fair,
All, all have found a dwelling there.

I miss my loved one from our hearth;
No more will sounds of childish mirth
With joy fall on my listening ear;
But, ah! I'll hold her memory dear.

In Thee, O Lord! I'll put my trust;
Soon I must mix with kindred dust;
Give me Thy grace, and on that shore
I'll meet my lost, and part no more.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. M——,
CREETOWN.

She is gone, my gentle Maggie,
And my heart is sad to-night;
I miss the sunny presence
That made my home so bright.

She hath faded in her beauty,
In her bright and joyous bloom,
And left earth's cares and pleasures
For the slumbers of the tomb.

When twilight's shadows gather
I seem to feel her near;
In vain I listen for her voice
My lonely heart to cheer.

Her sweet voice now is silent,
 And on her brow so fair
 The dew of death is lying,—
 Ah! what a change is there!

She cannot see my sorrow
 As I hush our babes to sleep;
 When I clasp them to my bosom
 Do you wonder that I weep?

No mother's hand to guide them,
 No mother's love to cheer
 And soothe their childish sorrow,
 And wipe away their tear.

Dream on, my little darlings,
 In your innocence and glee;
 Ye do not know what I have lost—
 She was the world to me.

And oft, in bitter anguish,
 By her silent grave I stand;
 Yet I know she does not miss me
 In the glorious spirit land.

Sleep on, sleep on, my Maggie,
 A blessed day will break,
 When we from our long slumber
 Shall all at last awake,

And meet in that bright world
 Where they form no marriage tie,
 But live and love for ever
 Beyond the starry sky.

ACROSTIC.

I n Jesus thou 'rt sleeping,
N ow free from all pain.

M y darling, He took thee
E re sin left a stain.
M emory oft brings thee,
O n pinions of light,
R adiant before us
I n robes of pure white.
A nd, oh! when I 'm called,
M ay my home be thine,

W here God in His glory
E ternally shines.
E den's sweet landscape

S hines lovely and fair,
A nd bright are its rivers—
R ich flowers do bloom there.
A nd in that fair city
H ow sweetly they sing

C elestial anthems
O f praise to our King!
I f we in that bright home would share,
D raw near we must to God by prayer.

THOUGHTS ON A NEW-YEAR'S MORNING

'Tis the glad New-Year, I am thinking now
On scenes long gone and past—
Scenes of my youth and childhood too,
With dreams too bright to last.

I think of a home beyond the sky,
 Far from this world's strife,
 Where all who serve their God below
 Shall enjoy eternal life.

Again I think of loved ones gone,
 Who were with us last New-Year's day;
 They are sleeping now 'neath the daisied turf
 Of our churchyard old and grey.

Sleeping their long and dreamless sleep
 In the silence of the tomb,
 To wake no more till the trumpet sounds,
 And the judgment morn shall come.

Oh! may that sound bring joy and peace
 When from our graves we rise,
 To spend our endless bright New-Year
 In lands beyond the skies.

ACROSTIC.

M ore fair than all earth's palaces,
 R esplendent though they shine,
 J ehovah is Thy heavenly home—
 A nd, oh! that home is mine.
 M y heart shrinks not; I'll face the storm,
 E nraptured stem the flood,
 S eeking Thy help while life shall last,
 M y Saviour and my God.
 U nspeakable will be my joy,
 R eclining, Lord, on Thee;
 R e-union with my loved and lost;
 A h! then, what bliss 'twill be—
 Y ea, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

MINNIGAFF CHURCHYARD.

Fair is that sacred hallowed place,
 Where the loved and lost are sleeping ;
 And out from heaven's glorious arch
 Bright angels watch are keeping.

The light and joy of many a hearth
 In their narrow beds are lying ;
 Where Penkiln sings a requiem sweet,
 And Cree's soft winds are sighing.

A solemn calm o'er my spirit steals
 As silently I ponder
 O'er some loved name on the tombstone grey,
 And back to the past I wander.

I hear young voices, long since hushed,
 In joyous laughter blending ;
 But the Reaper came with sickle keen,
 Their short bright summer ending.

The warrior sleeps his last long sleep
 'Neath the ivy old and hoary ;
 Bright is his name on the scroll of fame—
 He fought for his country's glory.

Far from the battle's din and strife
 He rests in peace for ever ;
 Life's fitful dreams for him are o'er,
 He hath crossed the silent river.

Emblazoned on yon ancient stone
 The crested birds stand proudly,
 Armorial bearings of a race
 Whose praise oft soundeth loudly.

And scions still, through vaulted halls,
Their nation's rights defending,
Proclaim the truth in accents loud,
The walls with echoes rending.

No loud acclaim the sleepers hear,
Nor fame's triumphant story;
But clearer sounds shall reach their ear
In the endless dawn of glory.

I see a name 'mong the ruins grey;
Ah! why are the tear-drops falling?
Old mem'ries waken up again,
The happy past recalling.

My teacher, I'll revere her name
Till death's cold hand o'ershadoweth;
Perchance, like her, the prize I'll gain—
A crown that never fadeth.

Fair are the flowers that deck the sod
Where the blessed dead are sleeping;
But fairer flowers they now behold,
Then wherefore are we weeping?

Our few short years will soon be gone;
Then, hall and cot forsaking,
We all must sleep our last long sleep,—
The sleep that knows no waking.

Prepare us, Lord, for that great change,
That we may rise victorious,
To meet the bright seraphic throng,
And soar to mansions glorious.

LINES ON JOHN AND JAMES REID,

SONS OF MR. JOHN REID, MERCHANT, NEWTON-STEWART.

[John, his eldest son, aged 17 years, an apprentice on board the ship "Monarch of the Seas," which left Liverpool for New York on the 19th March, 1866, with 674 passengers and 54 of a crew, and has never since been heard of. James Sloan Reid, his second son, aged 16 years, an apprentice on board the ship "Lodore" of Liverpool, on a voyage from Glasgow to Rangoon, drowned on the 2nd July, 1869, near the Cape of Good Hope.]

I am sitting in the twilight,
 Looking back into the past,
 Gazing on young happy faces,
 Smiling as I saw them last,

When they left me, in their boyhood,
 With their young hearts light and free,—
 Left the dear home of their childhood,
 For a home upon the sea.

Never more shall their sweet voices
 Echo through our home again;
 Hid for aye, those bright young faces,
 'Neath the waters of the main.

Yes, they sleep beneath the billows,
 Stormy tempests o'er them wave;
 No green turf nor weeping willows
 Mark their lonely ocean grave.

Tell me, wild waves, did ye hear them,
 Ere they sank beneath the foam,
 Whisper words of absent dear ones—
 Father, mother, friends, or home?

Did that Voice above the tempest
 Echo through the storm-tossed wave,
 Fear no evil, I am with you,
 And My arm is strong to save?

Though you sink beneath the billows,
 Fear not, I am with you still,
 I will guide your ransomed spirits
 Safely to bright Zion's hill.

There, with crowns of fadeless glory,
 Ye shall dwell for evermore ;
 In the blissful bowers of Eden
 Storms and shipwrecks are all o'er.

Though we miss them from our circle,
 He who took them knoweth best ;
 When these blessed thoughts steal o'er me,
 Then I know that they are blest.

When our journey here is over,
 And we cross dark Jordan's wave,
 Fathers, mothers, friends, and dear ones,
 All shall meet beyond the grave.

No more sorrow, no more sighing,
 No more tears shall dim our eyes ;
 We shall live and love for ever,
 Far beyond the ambient skies.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF E. B—,

A MEMBER OF THE "VALE OF CREE" LODGE, (I. O. G. T.)

A sister beloved from our circle hath gone
 To join with the saints in our heavenly home ;
 Her parents they mourn for the child of their love,
 Who hath gone to her rest in the mansions above.

No more her fair form in our Lodge will appear,
No more our regalia with pride she will wear ;
But a brighter regalia adorns her to-night—
Arrayed as a bride in robes of pure white.

They have laid her to sleep in her last earthly home,
Where all soon must follow, but back none can come.
May we so spend our lives, when we come to die,
We may lay down our cross for a crown in the sky !

There our hearts will cease aching, our hands strive no more,
There sorrow and sighing and pain are all o'er;
And Jesus stands waiting in Zion's bright home;
For all who are willing, He says, there is room.

In the daybreak of glory, when nature shall fade,
And all things on earth will depart as a shade;
When we cross the dark river our souls, pure and free,
United for ever, Good Templars will be.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW—AUGUST, 1881.

Why have the haughty Southrons come
To Scotia's shores to-day ?
Why have they crossed the border-land
In the autumn morning grey ?
Not as they came in days of old—
With war-cry deep and loud ;
Though we hear the roll of martial drums
And gaze on a motley crowd,
No blood-stained banners meet our sight,
No tears our eyes bedew ;
Cheer after cheer rings loud and clear :
'Tis Scotland's grand review.

From east and west, from north and south,
Those gallant heroes come ;
The Highland lads, in kilt and plaid,
Have left their Highland home.
What though the rain in torrents fall
Like a deluge o'er the land,
With fearless eye and dauntless heart
They proudly take their stand.
Each hero smiles, as hand clasps hand
In friendship firm and true ;
They have met to honour Britain's Queen
At Scotland's grand review.

O'er Arthur's Seat our standard waves—
A rampant lion bold,
Fit emblem of those heroes brave,
Whose valour shone like gold.
No coward hearts beat in their breasts ;
They have marched o'er burning sand,
And proudly waved their banner high
In many a distant land.
Like lions bold they bravely fought
Proud tyrants to subdue,
Now, side-by-side, they march with pride
At Scotland's grand review.

They have trod the forests of the East,
Where the rose of Sharon grows,
And cooled their parched and fevered lips
Where the mighty Ganges flows.
And noble trophies they have brought
From many a hard-won field ;
Their scars proclaim them heroes brave ;
A Briton will not yield.

To-day they scan the Meadows o'er,
And youth springs up anew
As they gaze on Britain's flower and pride
At Scotland's grand review.

Hark! 'tis the cannon's thundering noise,—
The royal cortege comes;
With deafening cheers the air is rent,
Music, and roll of drums.
Horsemen proudly dash along,
Oh! 'tis a brilliant scene;
The Scottish archers proudly stand
To guard our noble Queen.
Echoes are sounding loud and clear
O'er the heath-clad mountains blue,
As they march through mist and blinding rain
At Scotland's grand review.

A thousand banners kiss the breeze
On crags and meadows green;
Ten thousand thousand voices cheer
Loved Britain's honoured Queen.
She smiles and bows her royal head
To all that mighty throng;
From age to age her praise will sound
In many a deathless song.
Those heroes gathering round her now
Will still be brave and true;
A nobler army never met
Than at Scotland's grand review.

Eventful day! thou'rt gone at last,
The evening shadows fall;
The peasant seeks his humble home,
The statesman seeks his hall.

May Britain's sons united stand
Till time shall be no more,
And loyally, with heart and hand,
Still guard our native shore!
Though hill and glen are hid with mist,
'Twill disperse with the morning dew;
Our children's children yet shall tell
Of Scotland's grand review.

But a day will come when no mists shall rise
Where the countless thousands stand,
And journey on through boundless space;
Will it be to the better land?
Will it be where no shadows ever fall,
Where the mists are cleared away?
Shall we leave this world's darksome goal
For the light of an endless day?
Ah! that is a secret hid from us;
But I know, if we're firm and true,
A crown shall be ours that will not fade
At the last and grand review.

ON THE OPENING OF A NEW MISSION HALL
IN CONNECTION WITH PENNINGHAME
CHURCH, 17TH MAY, 1882.

The glorious orb hath sunk to rest,
Away in the beautiful golden west;
The twilight hour is on the wing;
Sweetly the evening bells do ring;
The stars peep out from the vaulted sky;
Fair is the scene that meets my eye;
The deep'ning shadows round me fall
As I stand in our new-built Mission Hall.

Two fleeting years have come and gone
Since we our pastor welcomed home;
He came right nobly at our call—
Revered, esteemed, beloved by all.
May changing seasons come and go
Ere we or he a change may know;
And long may he Christ's cause proclaim—
'Tis better far than wealth or fame.

He sees our wants,—they are his care;
And now another house of prayer
Conspicuous stands among the trees,
Kissed by the light, fanned by the breeze.
There, on the blessed Sabbath day,
The little ones will wend their way,
With teachers dear, to point the road
That leads to glory and to God.

With bounteous hand and generous heart
The donors nobly did their part.
May health and plenty still be theirs,
And freedom from this world's cares;
May all a pattern take by them,
And make our Church a beauteous gem;
May the slanderer's tongue ne'er defile the wall
Of that sacred place, or its Mission Hall!

Our noble Church, like a giant bold,
Stands proudly, as it did of old,
When its sacred truths were trampled down
Under a despot's blood-stained crown.
Firmly God's faithful servants stood;
They feared not fire, sword, nor flood;
On the mountain steep, by its rocky wall,
They made a glorious Mission Hall.

There are lands, far from our island home,
Where the Gospel light hath never shone;
There men and maidens, youth and age,
Are strangers to each sacred page.
With generous heart and willing hand
Let us help that poor benighted band,
That, when they hear God's mighty call,
They may soar to His blood-bought Mission Hall.

When we meet in our new-built house of prayer,
May peace and love unite us there;
And may the blessed truths we hear
Prepare us for a brighter sphere!
When our frail barque sinks in the world's dark tide,
May Christ, the Lord, still be our guide;
On the waves of light may we rise and fall,
Till we stand in His glorious Mission Hall!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SAMUEL WHITE.

[A young man of weak intellect, who strayed from his home on 9th November, 1881. His body was found on the 16th, on Glassoch Moor, about six miles from his home.]

They found him asleep on the moorland so drear,
No loved one beside him his last hours to cheer;
No bright scarlet sunset, with billows of gold,
Shone o'er that pale form so silent and cold.

'Twas gloomy November, and fierce blew the blast;
The sky was o'erclouded, the rain falling fast.
He wandered from home a few days before,
Ah! little they thought he would come back no more.

Onward, still onward, the short day was gone,
Each step leading farther away from his home;
Night's gloomy mantle clos'd over his head,
Bewilder'd and lonely, in terror he fled.

Poor helpless imbecile! seeking in vain
The home he had left, and would ne'er see again.
O God! in Thy mercy we know thou wert nigh
When, exhausted, he sank on the moorland to die.

Thy strong arm upheld him when fainting with fear,
Thy loving voice whisper'd—"Fear not, I am here."
Through death's gloomy valley Thy beacon, so bright,
Hath led him to mansions of endless light.

Surely the angels his requiem sung,
Surely for him a new life has begun
In the bright everlasting, where all is made plain;
Then mourn not, bereaved ones, your loss is his gain.

No more he will wander in darkness and cold;
Bright angels will lead him thro' streets of pure gold;
And there you may meet when life's journey is o'er,
Where God in His glory the lost will restore.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF J. C——, AGED
EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

Ye are mourning for your loved and lost;
But dry your tear-dimmed eyes—
He is singing with the heavenly host,
Above the bright blue skies.

Oh! could you see your darling now,
 In robes of spotless white,
 Among that bright and happy throng,
 No tears would dim your sight.

Oh! happy he, so soon to wear
 A never-fading crown,
 And gaze upon that blessed face
 That never wears a frown.

In childhood's fair and sunny morn
 He took your little flower
 Away from earth's cold withering blast,
 To bloom in Eden's bower.

Death's chilling breath can never reach
 That fair resplendent shore;
 And all who reach that haven bright
 Rejoice for evermore.

Take up your cross with humble faith,
 Nor seek to lay it down;
 If patiently you bear it here,
 More bright will be your crown.

And when you see his little grave
 Adorned with sweet wild flowers,
 Look upward to his heavenly home—
 A fairer one than ours.

He is not lost, but gone before
 To the realms of peace and joy,
 Where you shall meet, and part no more,
 With your earth-lost baby boy.

ACROSTIC.

I n the burning dawn of glory I shall meet my lost again;
N o parting in that country where our blessed King doth
reign.

M ethinks I hear loved voices, in a gentle loving tone,
E choing through my slumbers, but wake to find them gone.
M arvel not if I am happy when I see them in my sleep;
O h! to clasp them to my bosom, never more to wake or
weep.

R adiant are their robes of glory on yonder happy shore,
Y et still we mourn our loved ones, who will come again
no more.

O ppressed with pain and sickness, he withered in his bloom;
F air are the flowers that blossom around his silent tomb.

W e miss him from our circle, his chair is vacant now;
I n fancy oft I see him, and sorrow clouds my brow.
L ong I gazed on his loved features, ere the mighty con-
queror, death, [breath.
L aid his icy hand upon him and stayed his quivering
I n the fragrant bowers of Eden we shall surely meet again,
A nd sing with heavenly voices, the Lamb for sinners slain,
'M ong hosts of white-robed angels, on a far-extending plain.

'R ound the fireside we gather, and speak of loved ones gone;
E vening shadows fall around, the weary day is done;
N earer draw we to each other in the firelight's golden gleam;
N earer seem those happy faces that haunt us when we
dream;

I n brighter worlds we'll meet them, where no tear-drops
dim the eye.

E arth's happiness is fleeting; there is joy beyond the sky.

ACROSTIC.

I n the daybreak of glory we'll meet thee on high;
N o sorrow, no parting, beyond the blue sky.

M ournful we wander, and long to be free;
E ach day brings us nearer, dear one, to thee.
M eekly we bow, and in silence we weep;
O ur tears cannot wake thee—thy slumber is deep.
R ound thy grave we oft gather, place flowers on thy breast;
Y es, there will the weary find endless rest.

O h! may we in safety reach yonder bright shore,
F ree, free from all sin, when life's voyage is o'er.

R est could we, but rest, oh! beloved one, with thee;
I n sorrow we're tossing on life's troubled sea.
C heerless we sit in our once happy home—
H elp us! O Heaven! our darling is gone!
A ll mangled they found him, at sunset's red glow,
R ocks towering o'er him, the ocean below.
D ear to our heart as the light to our eye—

W ildly we worshipped our idolized boy.
I n God we will trust—His love is the best—
L ove reigneth supreme in the realms of the blest.
L ove sent a Redeemer our lost souls to save;
I n love we will meet beyond the dark wave,
A nd sing, with the ransomed, the conqueror's song,
M ingling there with that glittering throng.

J esus invites us—He says there is room;
O nward He'll lead us to heaven's bright home.
N othing can harm them who lean on His breast—
E ndless their joy in that haven of rest;
S urely we'll meet again, dearest and best.

ACROSTIC.

I know we shall meet at the beautiful gate;
 New songs we shall hear as they welcome us in;

Melodious and sweet that music shall be;
 Enraptured we'll join in the songs they sing.
 More fair than the fairest robes of earth,
 Our robes will be decked with heavenly gems,
 Rich robes of grace, and crowns so bright,
 Yea, fairer than all earth's diadems.

On the endless morn we shall rise with joy;
 Forgotten will be every earthly tie.

Heaven's glories shall break on our wondering gaze;
 Exalted we'll soar through the ambient sky.
 No sorrow, no sighing, but pleasure unbounded,
 Roaming with loved ones o'er Eden's bright plains,
 Illumed by the light of His glorious presence,
 Eternal, unchangeable, still He remains.
 To save us He left His fair home on high,
 That we in that home might sharers be;
 And He will receive us if we come

&

Just as we are, without one plea.
 And when we stand on Canaan's side,
 New life for us will then begin;
 Exalted high above the sky,

Where not a tear our eyes shall dim.
 Earth's fleeting pleasures shall soon be o'er;
 Life's weary warfare will soon be done;
 Shadows are gathering round us now—
 Heaven's glories shine as the morning sun.

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE "BURNS STATUE"
AT DUMFRIES, APRIL, 1882.

What though Scotia's bard is sleeping
In the cold and silent grave,
To his mem'ry fame's bright laurels
Proudly on the breeze doth wave.

The "Southron Queen" is decked in beauty—
Brightly shines the sun to-day;
Scotia's sons and daughters gather,
Homage to his name to pay.

O'er the Nith bright banners blazon,
And we hear the music swell;
Time but makes his mem'ry dearer—
Scotia's bard still loved so well.

There, in manly grace reclining,
As in happy bygone days,
When he struck love's sacred lyre
On Nith's bonnie banks and braes.

Oft he sang "Sweet Caledonia,"
"Winding Ayr," and "Bonnie Doon;"
And we yet, with nameless rapture,
Listen to each deathless tune.

Noble hands the veil hath lifted,
Noble heads are bending low,
By the form of him whose music
Thrilled each heart long long ago.

Gazing on these Classic features,
Mem'ry, like the lava tide,
Brings the vanished past before me,
And its floodgates open wide.

Through the sea of human faces
 I can see a lonely man,
 Threading through life's busy mazes,
 Worn, dejected, pale, and wan.

Poverty's cold hand upon him—
 Though so gifted, friends were few ;
 Censured by a heartless world—
 All his faults held up to view.

Plodding through each cheerless valley,
 Weary, wasted, and forlorn ;
 Then the truth shone bright before him,
 " Surely man was made to mourn."

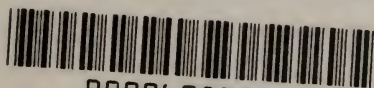
In the wine-cup's transient pleasures
 Oft he tried to banish care ;
 But the canker still grew deeper,
 Leaving nought but dark despair.

Shunned by all, by want surrounded,
 Death's cold finger on his brow ;
 When that vision comes before me,
 All this pomp seems mockery now.

Praise nor censure cannot reach him,
 Now in peace his ashes rest ;
 When temptations dark assail us,
 Let us try to stand the test.

Of the dead we'll speak with kindness ;
 Scotia, in her heart, still mourns
 He who oft her praise sang sweetly,
 Heaven-inspired—Robert Burns !

GENERAL LIBRARY - U.C. BERKELEY



8000678785

